



The Bitter Way

Let Us Take You For A Ride.....

Our Riders Write...

Dear TTC,

Something that I've always wanted to know is why do the new subway cars make that awful whirring sound when pulling out stations? It sounds like someone is having their tooth drilled and has the same effect on me as fingernails being raked across a blackboard. Would it be possible to discontinue this annoyance in the future? Perhaps you could install earplug vending machines in the cars.

A. Mann
Superintendent,
Community Centre for the Deaf

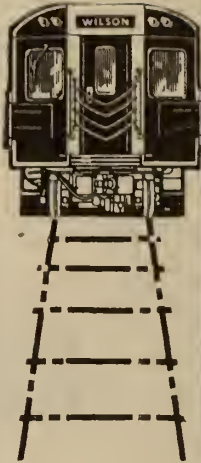
Mr. TTC,

This is to inform your readership of a lack of truth in advertising on your subways. Lately I've had an impotency problem. To cure my problem my wife and I have experimented with everything from heavy bondage to Carter's little liver pills. Unfortunately, nothing worked. I resigned myself to a life of abstinence until I glanced at the TTC's subway map. I noticed an area known as Coxwell. I went to that station but my cock's still not well. Your map disappointed me.

B.F.
Toronto, Ont.

After spending the last year in Kingston Pen., I discovered an unusual use for the Metropass which may interest other commuters. My colleagues and I have found it quite useful as a handy aid for our work. We have discovered that the Metropass has an uncanny ability to pick locks on automobiles. The Metropass only costs \$29.75. It's a steal considering that after you steal a car with the Metropass, you'll never have to use the TTC again!

T.N.Q.
Kingston, Ont.



Dear TTC,

I never believed the letters in TTC Forum until it happened to me. It was late Monday evening and I was returning home to suburbia. I went through the turnstiles and wondered why the TTC would insist on the usage of tokens if it was an equal opportunity employer. Of course, the escalators were out of service so I immediately descended the stairs to the platform below.

Suddenly, a red subway train entered the station through the narrow tunnel. (This phallic imagery must be extremely titilating for transportation fetishists.) The doors erotically opened and I was suddenly overcome by an eerie desire to paint the red doors black. Surveying my present surroundings I noticed a beautiful, buxom, blonde bombshell. Being a suave debonaire ladies man I tried to strike up an intimate conversation with her by asking the time of day. She innocently replied that she had trouble telling the difference between Mickey's big and little hands. Obviously, this young lady's mind was not as well endowed as her body, which led me to suspect that she was an artsie.

She then got off at the next station. This was quite shocking for me as I had never witnessed female masturbation in public before. While this act of exhibitionism was occurring I reflected upon the consequences which would result from pushing the yellow strip above.



This safety device is an adequate contraceptive method since the transit authorities would instantly remove this blonde vixen from my presence. Subsequently, she could no longer tempt me with the pleasures of her flesh. I decided that I didn't need to trouble the transit police since her oral measures to me were quite soothing. Just as I was about to succumb to her advances my numphet vanished into thin air. It was just like an episode of the Twilight Zone. I ride that same train every night but I remain sexually frustrated. If any readers had similar rapid transit experiences I would be interested in reading about them.

B.S.
Toronto, Ont.

To all TTC Employees from your
brothers in Mississauga:

We are delighted to hear that the level of criticism and anger directed at the TTC is steadily increasing. The workers that run the Mississauga system have always taken pride in poor service and have always strived to make life miserable for Mississauga commuters.

Here are several ideas that we have tried out with some success in Mississauga that the TTC may find useful.

The first one is a commuter's nightmare. Many passengers ride Mississauga Transit after a ride on

MORE FORUM.....

the GO Train. At Long Branch, they must walk a good 150 metres between the train station and the bus loop. Wait until a good number of them have run half way to the loop, then take off. Call on your radios to warn the next bus to take its time getting there. Remember: the average commuter must wait at least 30 minutes for his bus home.

Secondly, TTC tickets are too cheap and readily available. In Mississauga, we price our tickets to be the same as the cash fare. We also make them available in one or two select locations. Though our fare is 60¢, most riders do not buy tickets, and many do not have exact fare. We figure our average fare is in fact 75¢ to \$1.00.

Where transfers must be made, first make the wait as long as possible. After an hour, pick up the passengers, who should by then have severe frostbite and ice-coated moustaches. When they attempt to board the bud, state the transfers are worthless since they expired half an hour ago. Demand an additional fare.

Also, we strive to schedule our buses as far apart as possible. If the buses are scheduled to be less than 40 minutes apart, we try to delay one until two buses travel one behind the other, forcing waits of up to two hours or more.

Oh yes, one final point: If anyone grumbles or complains, kick him off the bus for being a nuisance. Before doing so, however, make sure he has already paid his money.

We in Mississauga feel that with effort, the TTC can soon approach the poor level or service found on Mississauga Transit. Good luck.

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Don't let the low price fool you. Our jackets are made of top quality heavy leather that's made to measure, and come complete with crest and letters. Ladies' jackets too! Only at...



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our writers write-----

The TTC wishes to respond to the charges of brain damage caused by the almost inaudible squealing of the wheels when any of our older trains round a corner. This has been shown by extensive scientific research to be untrue. While the sound is not exactly benign, it is unlikely to produce brain damage in the average passenger. Studies on its long term effects have yet to be completed, but we take great pride in pointing out that of our drivers,

all of whom have far greater exposure to this minor annoyance than the average passenger, only 17.3% are showing visible signs of brain damage. We hope this sets your mind at ease.

This is your TTC forum. It exists to express your opinions, experiences, fantasies, criticism and interests regarding any aspect of human relations and public transit. Send your letters to 'Our riders Write', 1 Main St., Anytown, USA.



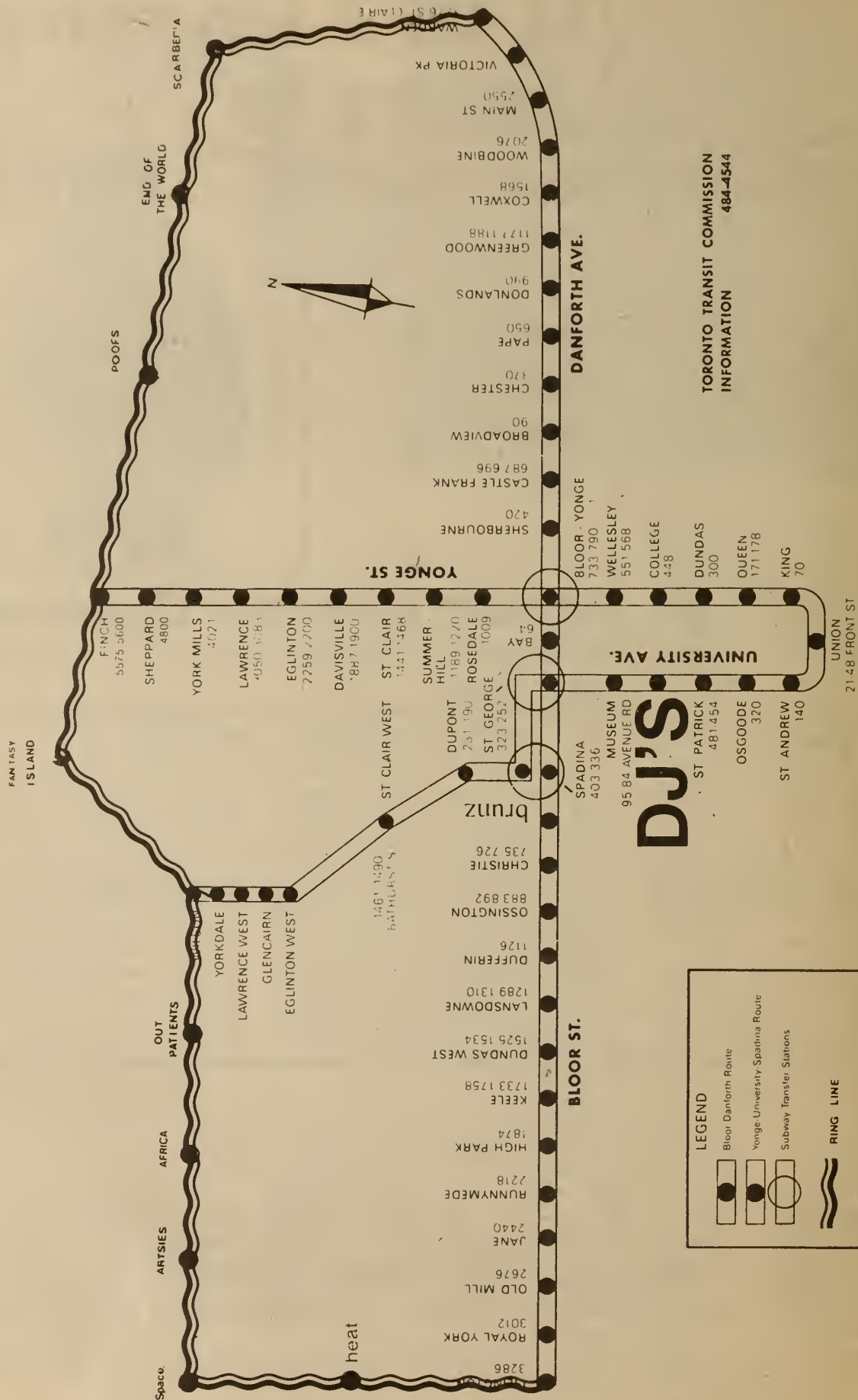
INCORPORATION REFERENDUM RESULTS

Yes	287	(96%)
No	12	(4%)
Total	299	(11.5% turnout)

University of Toronto Engineering Society

Association des Etudiants en Génie de l'Université de Toronto

20 St. George St., 3rd Floor University of Toronto M5S 2E1



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Feb. 9 - 14
River City Rockettes

Feb. 16-21
The Royals

Feb. 23 - Mar. 7
The Lincolns

**ENTRANCE
OFF COLLEGE
AT UNIVERSITY**

It's faster and cheaper..

A TRANSCRIPT....

"...Okay, you men have just completed what's known as the basic course—bus driving. In this course you'll be presented with actual situations which you'll encounter while on your route. It's primarily designed to find out whether you're going to be a good bus driver or one of the all-time great bus drivers like the greatest bus driver of all the 1960's and perhaps of all time, Neil 'Gnorelight'!

I'll like to take one of the students, Johnson, will you kindly get into the bus. And Mrs. Selkirk, would you get back to our marks please.

Here's the situation Johnson. You've just finished discharging your passengers at the stop and you're ready to leave, when you see in your rearview mirror, an old woman running for the bus, OK? If you could start running now Mrs. Selkirk. Let's see how it goes.

Hold it! Johnson! You're pulling out much too fast, Johnson! You see she gave up halfway down the block. You want to just slowly ease out, you see, you you're always holding out the hope that they may be able to catch the bus. Also, something that you have to watch with these old women - they start out at just 3/4 speed and then they'll put on a final burst and catch up with the bus. OK. Let's try it again with Gramm this time. Mrs. Selkirk would you please get back to your work again. Let's see how Gramm handles the situation. Mrs. Selkirk, could you please start running again?

All right! Find. Did you all see how he slammed the door right in her face that time? That's known as your perfect pull-out. One other thing: it wasn't part of the problem, but I want to compliment you on it; you blocked both lanes that time pulling out.

OK. Mrs. Selkirk, I think we'll take situation 13 this time, OK? Get in the Chevrolet. Gramm, this is something that you'll often come across in the course of your day. You'll be driving along your route when a car will pull in front of you and on the back will be 'Caution student driver' or 'Learner' or something like that. OK. Mrs. Selkirk, d'you want to pull in front of Gramm and we'll see how he handles this situation.

OK! Great! Did you all see what he did? he gets back about ten or fifteen car lengths, gets it up to around one hundred. Then he gets right behind her, slams on his brakes and hits the horn at the same time. Did you all see the car went out of control there? Just about the time she dove for the floor, it swerved off into the lamp standard there. Could someone extricate Mrs. Selkirk from the car? Just roll down the window and crawl right out Mrs. Selkirk.

OK. Mrs. Selkirk, I think this'll be the last one for today. You'll be the woman with the packages

on this one. OK. Gramm, on this one I'll stand right behind you because you can't be expected to know this. It'll take a lot of hard practice.' OK. Mrs. Selkirk, could you get on the bus. That's right. OK. Now fumble for your change. OK. Now start heading to the back of the bus. Now Gramm, hit your accelerator. Hit your brake. Accelerator once again. Now your brake. OK! Did you all see how she spun all the way to the front of the bus? That's going to take a little practice; sometimes they grab hold of another passenger or you may hit your brake too soon. Don't get discouraged, within five or six months you'll have all of them spinning right to the front.

OK. One last thing - be sure you all get into your individual buses and practice the skills you have just learned. I want to remind you that for tonight's homework we're going to work on mispronouncing street names..."

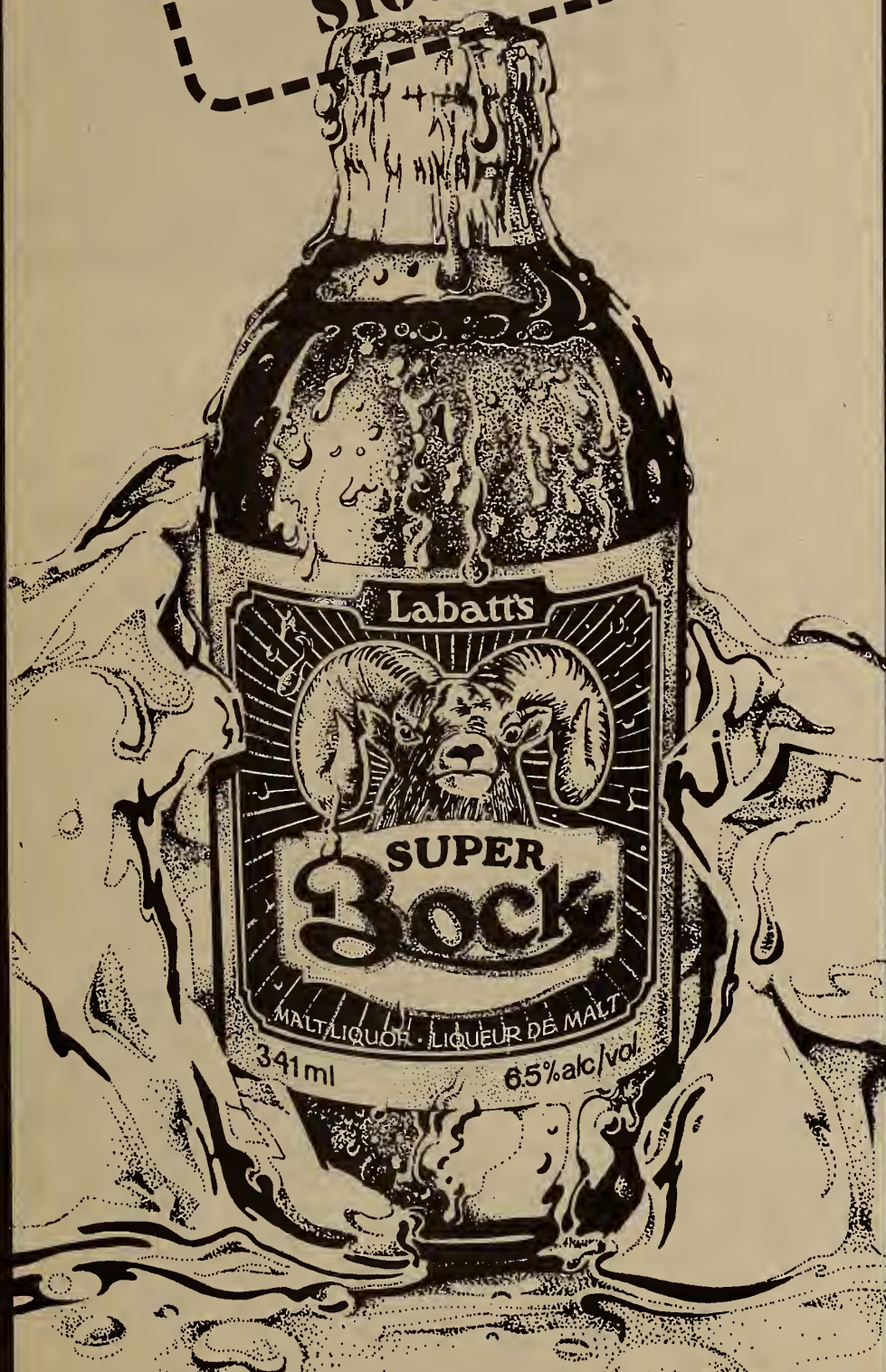


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THE SPRING BEER. FROM LABATT'S.



TTC PRESENTS

Max Bialystok: Go ahead, Franz, kill the actors!

Franz Leibkin: You are right. I must kill the actors.

Leo Bloom: What? Are you crazy? What do you mean, actors! They're not animals. They're human beings!

Max Bialystok: They are? Have you ever eaten with one? (to Franz) Go ahead, kill the actors!

The Producers
Mel Brooks-1967



Lights! Camera! Action! And with a swirl of a lisp of fog, courtesy of solid carbon dioxide, an explosion from yet another flashpot and in the next-in-an-endless-line of curses from the harried key grip, the curtain rose (or more correctly, pulled apart) on another theatrical extravaganza.

SKULE NITE 8T1, this year's version of the University of Toronto's Engineering Society annual musical-comedy revue, was performed before sold out house at Hart House Theatre on February 4, 5, 6, and 7.

One could not but stop to wonder at the amazingly youthful enthusiasm of the small (27) but imaginative cast, as they offered a plethora of perfectly put puns at every given opportunity. From the easily recognizable opening theme music to the particularly unique interpretation of my favourite, 'The Wizard of Oz', Skule Nite 8T1 served up a feast of delicious skits and songs and stuff that proved to be a panacea for the February humdrums.

The engineers always found it difficult to respect sacred cows, and children's programming, cartoons, Robert Service, sexual tests, temperance and Nashville were given no mercy. 'You're Still An Engineer' was performed wonderfully by Gail Hakala and Martin Scott, as the engineer bemoaned his fate in the face of prejudice and stereotyping. Wayne Levin, as the consummate Toto and as a well dressed bandelero displayed a professionally responsive acting style that is so seldom seem

in similar campus productions. Gary Silberg, a newcomer to Skule Nite, gave notice to his arrival with many good characterizations, including a cameo role as 'The Wizard of Oz' himself. The combination of his Wizard and Ella Lund-Thomsen as Dorothy Gale was easily the most relaxed and enjoyable repartee of the show.

The list of theatrical madness goes on and on. Everyone had their favourite sketch. Everyone had their least favourite sketch (that's showbiz). But everyone (even Dean Slemon) had fun, which indeed was the point. For that reason, Jan Piekoszewski, Director and Nancy Brown, Producer, are to be congratulated on once again reaffirming Skule Nite's tradition as the most entertaining and successful musical-comedy revue on campus.

Why did 75 percent of the tickets go in four days? More than three weeks prior to opening night? Why did Joe Facca ask for 50 tickets for his friends? (Didn't know he had that many, did you?) Why are there actors appearing in their fourth consecutive show? Why are there two technical types working on their ninth consecutive show? Why aren't they dead?

The Skule Nite tradition! Easily the most efficiently run, expertly designed (such as it is), and enjoyably performed revue on campus. Skule Nite has been firmly established in the hearts and minds of engineers and consorts alike since 1973. Resurrected from the ashes of

financial ruin in the centennial year of the founding of the School of Practical Science, Skule Nite has endured the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune (kinda catchy!) since that time to face yet another dubious audience.

Originally performed as a thirteen act review called "NGYNRS 'SPaSmS" at Massey Hall in 1921, Skule Nite has evolved through several transformations to its present form; a two hour revue consisting of 20-40 individual 'sketches' or numbers of varying content and social importance (if any) to appeal to all tastes (even Dean Slemon?).

To come up with the hare-raising and rib tickling material that has become a trademark of Skule Nite, and army (don't laugh, directors past) of writers gather early in the summer to begin their arduous, if not self-debilitating, task. Consider one such typical writing meeting, somewhere in the backhurd of a Metropolitan suburb, not too far from the nearest refrigerator. We join our potential Faulkners as The Director finally shows up.

"So, has anyone written anything yet?" The director chuckles to himself, not realizing it is only eight months and three days to opening night. The assembled are not impressed, having already rejected the idea of recreating the stage version of Ben-Hur. They correctly reasoned that if they went ahead with the scheme, any chariots that would have been built for the show would be destroyed the night before the

SKULE NIGHT 8T1



opening by an over jealous Mechanical Engineer Frosh, as Frosh as often wont to do.

The writing staff are indeed a motley crew. Baker spent too many years in Engineering Science, adn his Delta-Epsilon jokes tell the tale. Jim played bridge in the Civil Common Room for three years, and trumped his partner's ace once too often. Rob is an idiot but no one listens to him anyway. Peter is there again, since everyone can certainly hear him, if not smell him. Steve consented to come out of retirement to contribute another in an endless line of puns (God save us all!). Gail was dragged out against her wishes, but was soon having fun telling Peter to shuttup! Rounding out the gang was Mike, the rookie, out of Victoria Park. He got good reviews from the scouts because he sat through Amateur Night at Yuk Yuk's without vomiting.

Mike was eager, so he spoke first.

"Hey, guys, I've got an idea. Let's do a musical based on South Pacific, and call it 'South Campus'. It could be about how we wished there were more women in engineering adn there could be songs and..."

"We've done it," snorted Rob, who spilled his first beer on his salami and anchovy pizza.

Mike was a little shaken by this first defeat, but did not give up.

"Well, how about we sing Monty Python's 'I'm a Lumberjack'; only instead of Lumberjack, we say Forester, to bring in the campus rivalry element. It'll be big."



Mike was pleased with himself.

"It was big when we did it eight years ago." Jim was not impressed.

Mike opened up a bottle of Buckeye, sat next to the barbeque and didn't say anything else for the next hour, at which time he asked for permission to go to the bathroom.

Baker started to laugh. At first, no one paid any attention. Baker often laughed to himself, particular in elevators and at urinals; so no one was particularly surprised when he began to guffaw in such a way as to disgust Gail. She later said that she didn't mind looking at a partially chewed sardine sandwich in his gaping mouth. It was the foot long drool that hung from Paul's lower lip that made her move away from Paul, and closer to Peter, against her better judgement.

"All right, Baker," sighed The Director, who knew better. "What's so funny?"

Rob went to the can. Jim got himself another piece of pizza. Steve wished he was still retired.

"Tennessee Bird Walk!" Baker proudly announced. He was met with a sea of blank faces.

"The song! Tennessee Bird walk!" Peter had heard the song before, and farted to prove it.

Still facing a tough audience, Baker continued.

"Don't you see?" Of course, no one did.

"Dress up some poor schnook in a yellow rooster suit who dances to the song first time. As the song is repeated, have members of the stage crew tear off pieces of his suit, as the schnook protests. You know, like 'take away their wings and the birds will have to sit upon the ground', and the crew rips off his wings. A great sight gag! It'll be superb. Excellent. A classic!!"

Baker had worked himself up to a fever pitch, and was screaming at the top of his lungs when he finished.

"Jesus, what an asshole!" murmured Gail.

The Director was despondent. Another Baker sight gag was just the thing he didn't need. Having Mick Jagger take over the Lawrence Welk Show seemed like a good idea at the

time. But would his mother like it? She knew that her child, The Director, would be responsible for all material in the show. She stopped watching The Lucy Show when she declared Mr. Mooney a 'dirty old man'. Oh God. Is it funny enough? Is it too dirty? Is it dirty enough? Will the men like it? Will the women like it? What am I going to do, thinks The Director. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

"Write it up, Baker, and I'll think about it", blurts out The Director. He would worry about it later, as he always did in school.

Baker was pleased with himself and promptly went inside to watch the rest of the football game.

A few minutes silence passed while the remaining comics collected their thoughts. Of course, a few minutes wasn't enough time for Rob to collect his thoughts; so he fell asleep. Steve finally spoke.

"Did you hear about my delinquent brother? Boy, was he a troublemaker. When we were little and living in Saskatoon, he ran away from home. They found him running towards Alberta through a big wheat field. That was just like him. Always going against the grain."

Peter burped, Gail went home. Rob woke up and went inside to watch the game, and Mike laughed himself sick.

And The Director began to wonder if Woody Allen got headaches too!

Notwithstanding, the show was written. A collection of songs, gags, blackouts, dances, dialogues, diatribes, duets, and plain all-round fun tickled the fancy of even the most somber of critics, or the most puritan of mother (or dad).

Did you come and see the show? Did you find out if twenty-three pizzas were wasted on the writers. Did you find out if there are any left in the entire world still willing to associate with engineers? Did you find out about the Engineer, the actor!

Join Skule Nite 8T2 and find out. You could do worse!



DRIVERS TEST

1. When approaching an intersection with an amber light, the driver should:

- a) Stop, if it is possible to stop safely.
- b) Sound your horn and continue through the intersection.
- c) Speed up and continue

Correct answer: c) By accelerating, you have made it impossible to stop. Sounding your horn could give you a headache. Traffic lights are for other traffic.

2. While attempting a lane change, you notice a Toyota in the lane you wish to move into. You should:

- a) Give in.
- b) Continue.

Correct answer: b) Continue. If the Toyota argues with a bus, it loses.

3. A dog runs out in front of your bus. You should:

- a) Change lanes to avoid hitting it.
- b) Attempt to stop before hitting the dog.
- c) Speed up and take necessary action to hit the dog (but do not change lanes).

Correct answer: c) Dogs on the road are a nuisance and should be methodically eliminated. There may be some misguided dog lover who will cause a serious accident by evading that dog you had a chance to kill.

4. A new stop sign has been posted on your route. You should:

- a) Ignore it.
- b) obey it.
- c) Run over it.

Correct answer: c) Failure to stop at a stop sign is an offense under the Highway Traffic Act. However, stopping takes time. Time cannot be wasted if you want time for that extra coffee at the terminus. Therefore, destroying the stop sign is the only alternative.

5. You are ten minutes behind on a half-hour schedule. There is a straight stretch of road ahead. You should:



- a) Speed up to return to schedule.
- b) Stop for twenty minutes at a coffee shop, then continue pretending to be the next bus.

c) Continue at the maximum speed but keep a lookout for passengers wanting to board.

- d) It depends on the circumstances.
- e) None of the above.

Correct answer: e) The best answer is to return to the station with a "GARAGE" or "NOT IN SERVICE" sign. Answer b) is not a good answer. Who wants to stop for coffee if it were his last run of the day? Answer c) is ridiculous. Next thing you know, you'll be saying that the T.T.C. is primarily intended as a service to the community.

6. You are just leaving a bus stop when an old man rushing after you waves his umbrella signalling for you to wait for him. You should:

- a) Stop and wait.
- b) Reverse your bus over him.
- c) Continue on your way.

d) Call the police and have him charged with wielding a deadly weapon.

Correct answer: c) Everyone should know that TTC schedules are set by bureaucrats and that drivers never see them anyway. If the old man wants to get where he's going, he should take a taxi. If it's not worth the expense, it's probably not worth going anyway.

7. You are just leaving a Stop and you notice a beautiful young nurse running for your bus. You should:

- a) Stop and wait.
- b) Stop and wait.
- c) Stop and wait.
- d) Stop and wait and ask her where she wants to go...your place or her's.

Correct answer: d) After her run, she's likely to be exhausted and in need of some relaxation. (Examiner's Note: This is an old test. All the bureaucrats have been too busy increasing the fares and decreasing the service to write an up to date test which would allow for the fact that woman might be the bus driver and a charming, educated, handsome, male engineer would be the passenger.)

8. What is the maximum speed limit for TTC buses?

- a) The maximum speed for all traffic.
- b) 200 kph.
- c) Neither of the above.

Correct answer: c) The speed of a TTC vehicle is inversely proportional to the hurry your passengers are in.

9. Deviation from the prescribed route is permitted when:

- a) The route is under repair.
- b) A TTC inspector authorizes the change.
- c) There is no pub on the prescribed route.
- d) The nurse of question 7 lives on a side street.

Correct answer: c) Though attempts have been made to make all terminus points next to pubs or taverns, this has not been possible on all routes.

10. Where there are double yellow lines down the centre of the road it means:

- a) No overtaking.
- b) Overtake twice as fast as you would when there is only one line.
- c) Nothing at all. They are merely decorative.

Correct answer: b) The city would no more squander money on making our streets look nice than they would waste it on attractive subway stations.

Pub call.

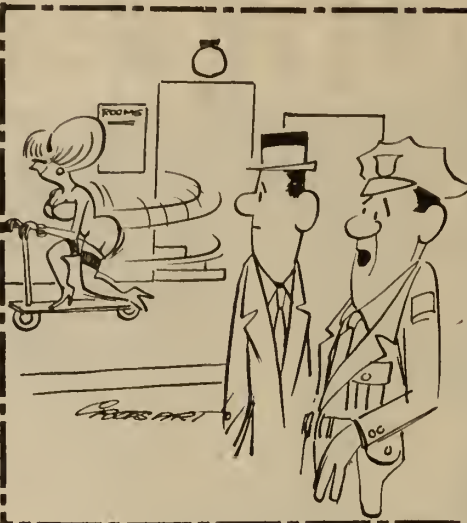


**Just say OV.
Oh Ya!**

GUILD LINES FOR THE NEW T.O. DRIVER



Before you start your car in Toronto for the first time, sit in the driver's seat, hold the steering wheel, and think: **I AM THE ONLY DRIVER ON THE ROAD AND MINE IS THE ONLY CAR.** This may be hard to do, especially after you have seen the traffic rush hours, but thousands of other drivers believe it and so can you. And you had better; you won't have a chance unless you have this faith. Remember, your car is **the car**; all others are aberrations of the divine scheme.



As elsewhere, there are laws about stopping, crossings, maximum speed and so forth, but in Toronto these laws exist only as tests of character and self-esteem. Stopping at a stop sign, for example, is *prima facie* evidence that the driver is an impotent cuckold; contrarily, ignoring a stop sign is proof that the driver is a Person of Consequence. This is why the driver who is stopped by a policeman goes red in the face, beats his forehead with his fists, and upbraids the officer: it isn't the embarrassment or inconvenience, it's the implication that he is not quite important enough to drive the wrong way down a one-way street.

The basic rule in cities is - force your car as far as it will go in any opening in the traffic. It is the rule that produces the famous Toronto Four Way Deadlock. It would appear that the Deadlock could be broken if any of the cars would reverse, but this is impossible because of the other car right behind and the car behind that. Anyway, if a driver did reverse, he would become an Object of Ridicule, for this would suggest a weakness of character.

The impossibility of reversing accounts for some of the difficulties in parking. You will find that when you stop just beyond a vacant space and try backing in, you can't because that other car is still right behind you, hooting away. You can give up and drive on, or you can get out and go back and try to convince him to let you park. This you do by shouting Personal Abuse into his window. One

of three things will happen: (1) he may stare sullenly ahead and continue blowing his horn, (2) he may shout Personal Abuse back at you, or, (3) he may get out of his car and kill you, subsequently pleading Crime of Honour which automatically acquits him in Canadian courts.

Since Torontonians usually drive head-first into parking spaces, every third or fourth car has its tail end sticking out. Driving is further complicated by double parked cars and the Toronto style of leaving a side street by driving halfway into the near lane and then looking. The way to deal with these hazards is to blow your horn and accelerate around them. All Toronto drivers accept the axiom that anything you do while blowing the horn is sacred. If you make a careful, in-lane stop, you not only expose your social and sexual inadequacies, but you may never get moving again since you also show yourself as a weakling whom anyone can challenge with impunity.

The thing to remember about one-way streets in Toronto is that they are not one-way. A driver who has a block or less to go assumes that when the authorities put up the signs, they were not thinking of cases like this. He drives in the wrong way, going full throttle to get it over with quickly, and to prove that he really is in a terrible hurry.

Similarly, the round-about, with its minuet-like formation of movement, is to the Toronto driver just so much exhilarating open space. He does not go around it, he goes across it at high speed, taking the shortest path from his point of entrance to his intended exit - while sounding his horn.

In Toronto, the four lane streets become after four or five miles, two lane and one land streets. This produces the Funnel Effect. The Funnel Effect can be unnerving; the unwary motorist may get trapped against one side or the other and have to wait there until traffic slacks off around one or two o'clock in the morning. But the Reverse Funnel Effect is even more dangerous. Imagine the effect of bottling up a number of proud and excitable drivers in a narrow street for a half-mile or more and then suddenly it's like dumping out a sack of white rats; as each car emerges, it tries at once to pass the cars ahead of it, and, if possible, two or three more. Thus the first hundred yards of the Reverse Funnel Effect, before the cars shake down, is a maelstrom of screaming engines, spinning tires, and blaring horns.

It is important to overtake while driving, as this ensures acceptance in all social areas: moral, sexual and political. Not to overtake is to lose status, dignity and reputation. It is not where you drive to that counts, but what or whom you pass on the way. Wordsworth phrased the intention more aptly, although unknowingly, with the words: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive". The procedure is to floor your accelerator and leave it there until you come up on something you can pass. If the driver sees the car ahead of him slow or stop, he knows there can be but two causes: (1) the driver ahead has died at the wheel, or (2) he has suddenly become a Person of No Consequence, which is roughly the same thing. He therefore accelerates at once and passes at full speed.

continued page 14

The 1981
Graduation Ball
will be held on
Saturday, March
21, 1981 in the
Metropolitan Ball-
room of the
Harbour Castle
Hilton. Tickets
will go on sale
Monday February
23, through your
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The ticket price
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5:45 pm,
- 2) A complete
Roast Prime Rib
dinner including appetizer and
three bottles of red Valpolicella per
eight person table,
- 3) An after-dinner ceremony
consisting of faculty toasts and
student award presentations,
- 4) Dancing from nine until one to
Toronto's top show and dance
bands, Music Machine, (also
known as the Class of '56 of Route
66 fame).

YOU ONLY GRADUATE ONCE !



MARCH 21, 1981
METROPOLITAN BALLROOM
HARBOUR CASTLE HILTON
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FOR FURTHER DETAILS -

Grad Ball 8T1 will be a gala
event - plan now to attend with all
the rest of your classmates. This
Function is subsidized heavily by
the Engineering Society and the
Engineering Alumni Association,
so be sure to come out and take
advantage of their support. Start
lining up that special date, see your
Club Chairman on Feb. 23, and
we'll see you all.



Route CHANGE

Many complaints have come in during the past few months as to the complexity of our bus system. Ever sensitive to your needs, we have changed a few of our routes in an attempt to alleviate this problem. All route changes will take effect some time on Sunday afternoon. We're not sure just when.

Routes: 60, 53, 25, 85, 34B, 102, 12, 503, 501, 81, 15, 37.

In the future, these 12 routes will be eliminated and a singer route known as "Perimeter 125.58A" will take

their place. This bus will start at the corner of Yonge and Steeles and run east on Steeles to Don Mills and then south to Sheppard. East on Sheppard to Morningside.

Down Morningside to Kingston Road where it will head west to Queen and continue over to the Queensway and then to Islington. North on Islington to Steeles and then back to Yonge. The bus will run the route clockwise on even-numbered days and counter-clockwise on the rest.

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NEW DRIVERS cont'd



When, not if, you are involved in an automobile collision, the procedure (provided there are no serious injuries) is rigidly structured. First, all drivers and passengers spring from their cars shouting Persona Abuse. Passersby spring from their cars. Pedestrians spring forward as eye witnesses. Stores empty as shoppers join the crowd. Invalids rise from their beds for blocks around to totter to the schene. Don't be afraid of this crowd, even if you are absolutely in the wrong. Half of them will be on your side and will defend you vociferously, shouting and gesticulating. You must make an

immediate, but accurate, estimate of those with you and those against you. Based on this count you must make your decision as to whether to reimburse the other party or whether to stand out for reimbursement for yourself. Blame has nothing to do with the actions of the crashees: it is entirely a matter of status and virility. Who cares what happened? That's all o9ver, the present is what counts - the battle of dignity and manhood. You are being watched by hundreds of eyes, alert to the slightest loss of poise, the first retreat from savage indignation. But you can win; as you stand there in your wilted sport shirt, comprehending little, groggy and confused, just remember and keep telling yourself: I am a Person of Consequence. I am! I am!



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